But tell me, is young *George Stanley* liuing?
Dar. He is my Lord, and safe in *Lester* towne,
Whether ift please you, we may now withdraw vs.
Rich. VVhat men of name are slaine on eyther side?
Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Walter Lord Ferris, sir Robert Brokenbury, sir William Brandon.
Rich. Inter their bodies as become their births,
Proclaime a pardon to the souldiers fled,
That in submission will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
VVe will vnite the white rose and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long hath frown'd vpon their emnity.
What traytor heares me, and sayes not Amen?
England hath long bin mad, and scard her selfe,
The brother blindly shed the brothers blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his owne sonne,
The sonne compeld, being butcher to the father,
All this diuided *Yorke* and *Lancaster*,
Diuided in their dire diuision.
O now let *Richmond*, and *Elizabeth*,
The true succeeders of each royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,
And let their heires (God if they will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac't peace
With smiling plenty and faire prosperous daies,
Abate the edge of traytors gracious Lord
That would reduce these bloody dayes againe,
And make poore *England* weepe in streames of blood,
Let them not liue to taste this lands increase,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace.
Now ciuill wounds are stopt, peace liues againe,
That she may long liue here, God say Amen.

FINIS.